WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 8.—VOL. XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1805. NO. 892.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

A ROMANCE

(*Continued.*)

THEIR attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.—A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: "sharp misery had worn her to the bone." Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed——Brave youths!—I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!"

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating,) and exclaimed, in a voice of joy——"It is—it is *my* long lost Madeline—my dearest sister!"

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.——Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trembling culprit and demanded, on pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him, as well as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and, leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative, as follows:——

"The news of your misfortunes, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart; to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible, from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the mortification to learn, that my brother-in-law Sir Arthur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Arthur, unfortunately for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of the visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I labored under way very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose:—he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

"One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Arthur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had but just time to conceal himself under the tapestry, when De Warrenne, with furious force, burst the door.—With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Arthur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear into the next vacant seat:—he took advantage of my terror, and, raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprung forward, and aimed a pass at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in a most alarming state till the next day, when I gave birth to a female infant.——I soon learned, to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Arthur of holding criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me."

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital. Lady De Warrenne continued:——

"I was forced to endure still harder trials.—To my great surprise, the physician who one day attended me presented me with a note containing these words:——

"Dear and generous Sister,

"My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the decree of our sufferings would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotting against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the next to me.——I am safe—depend upon my fidelity.

"BAROME."

"Thunderstruck with intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction, let the consequence be what it might. I, therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and tying the little locket given to you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate to Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont."

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when, opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the identical locket!——No further confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the fateless body of her child and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda, opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and, sinking on her knees, implored her blessing.—"Never, never, my beloved parent," she cried, "will we be seperated! No more shall the barbarous Sir Arthur persecute us.—We will seek the King, and of him implore protection and redress."

This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady De Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired, only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

CHAP. IX.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And every care resign:
"And shall we never, never part,—
"My life!—my all that's mine!"

SCARCELY had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamor at the Abbey-gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves——They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crash, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.——A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!——Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of—"My Lord!—my husband!" and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who hung enamored on his long lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his neice, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joy lighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and he paid his congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardor of his speech revived in her breast emotions which, though they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes on the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the foregoing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.——When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the Ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

"Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother, and assured

me, on his honor, of its safety. I now felt resigned to whatever fate might await me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Arthurs malignity.—My fortitude was soon severely tried: De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a melancholy air, and, seating himself opposite to me, said——

"So, Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child.—May I demand the cause?"

(To be Continued.)

CRUELTY OF THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE Princess Joan, grand-daughter to Robert, king of Naples and Sicily, by Charles his son, succeeded her grand-father in the crowns of those kingdoms, in the year 1343, a woman of a beautiful person, and rare endowments of nature: she was married to her cousin Audrew, a prince of royal extraction, and of a good and loving disposition; but at last growing weary of him, she caused him to be hung upon a beam, in the city of Aversa, and strangled in the night; and then had his corpse thrown into a garden, opposite her apartment, where it lay some days unburied.

Before this melancholy affair happened, her husband went one day into his queen's chamber, and finding her twisting a thick string of silk and silver, asked her, for what purpose she made it? She answered, to hang you in; which he then little believed, as persons who intend to do any real mischief, seldom speak of it beforehand. However, she was as good as her word.

IMPARTIAL ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

CAMERARIUS mentions in his works, that Herkenbald, a man of great renown, especially for his impartial administration of justice, being under an indisposition which detained him in his bed, hearing a stir in the next room to him, and a woman crying out for help, he asked his servants, what was the occasion of it? but all of them denied any knowledge of it. At length, severely threatening one of his pages, that he would cause his eyes to be pulled out of his head, if he refused to tell him the truth; the page answered, My lord, your nephew ravished a maid there; and she for to save herself made that noise you have just heard.

The fact being taken into examination, and sufficiently proved, Herkenbald condemned his dear nephew to be hanged. But the senschal who was to see the sentance executed, appearing to be very zealous in the discharge of that office, instead of doing his duty, gave the young lord notice of what passed, and wished he would abscond or fly. and some hours after came to the sick person, and told him his commands had been obeyed.

About five days after, the young gentleman thinking his uncle had forgot what had passed, came and peeped in at his chamber door. The uncle seeing, and having, with fair words, called him within his reach, he twisted his left-hand in his hair, and with his right-hand gave him such a deadly wound in his throat, with a knife, that he fell down by his uncle's bed-side, and expired. So great was this nobleman's zeal for justice, that he would not spare so near a relation.

SUSPENSE.

WHAT art thou, dubious power, that to the earth
Now sinks the saddn'd heart, now lifts it high,
At once of heavenly birth;
Mortal thy fire, thy mother of the sky,
Or borne by wraph Hope through fields of air,
Or plung'd in caverns by the fiend Despair?

E'en now the doubled sway divides my breast,
Thy tyrannizing pow'rs exist good an ill;
Yet equal both to rob the mind of rest,
At each alternate works my torturing will:
O then to certain joy, or certain grief,
The balance turn, and give my soul relief!

Give me the worst to hear, or best to know;
This dread delay unfits the soul to bear
With wonted fortitude new loads of woe,
And bliss deferred must ruin corroding care.
Too late the sun his stronger rays shall dart,
When flower worms feed upon the Rose's heart.

WRITTEN BY A POOR MAN ON THE APPROACH OF THE GOUT.

'TIS strange that you should leave a downy bed,
The Turkey carpet and the soft settee;
Should'st leave the board with choicest dainties spread,
To fix thy odious residence with me.

'Tis strange that thou, attach'd to pleasures ease,
Should'st leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,
Where plainest meals keen appetite appease,
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.

'Tis passing strange; yet should thou persevere,
And rack these bones with agonizing pangs,
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,
And teach the affluent how to blunt my fangs;
Yes—should'st thou visit me, capricious Gout!
Hard fare shall be thy lot—I'll starve thee out.

LAURA.

BRIGHT was the dawn of Laura's day,
And gaily sped her early hours;
Young Hope had plann'd her future way,
And fancy strew'd that way with flow'rs.

Her bosom knew no secret woes,
No dread of ill, no thought of care:
Fair was her cheek, and fresh the rose
Which youth and health had painted there.

Ah! whither now is Laura fled?
Transplanted to what colder sky,
Does this fair flower hang the head,
Neglected, drop, decline and die?

Alas! thatmorn, which promis'd fair,
Was follow'd by a clouded noon:
And hours that knew no grief, nor care,
Were priz'd too late, or pass'd too soon.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN fortune smiles and looks serene,
"Tis "Sir, how do you do?
"Your family are well I hope,
"Could I serve them or you?"

But turn the scale, let fortune frown,
And dire disasters greet ye,
'Tis then—" I'm sorry for your loss;
"But times are hard—Good bye t'ye."

Those then who oft your table grac'd
And ev'n your viands fed,
Will be the first to give a kick,
"He brought it on his head,"

FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

ATHENIAS, a beautiful daughter of Leontius, an Athean philosopher, taking some disgust at home, travelled to Constantinople, and made herself acquainted with Pulcheria Theodosius the Emperor's sister, in whose society the Princess so much delighted, that, hearing she was a virgin, she persuaded the Emperor her brother, to marry her; which he did, and loved her extremely. The Emperor coming from church on the feast of the Epiphany, a stranger presented his Imperial Majesty with a curious apple of an extraordinary size, and a very rare fruit at that time of the year; for which the Emperor ordered him a reward of the value of one hundred and fifty crowns, and, at his return to court, joyfully gave the apple to the Empress. The Empress having been informed that Paulinius, a friend and favorite of Theodosius kept his bed, sick of the gout, she sent him the apple to refresh him, without naming from whom she had received it. Paulinius, pleased at so fine a gift, and more at a favor received at so eminent a person as the Empress, denied himself the satisfaction of tasting it, and presented it to the Emperor as a rarity fit for no other person. Theodosius knew the apple; and, taking it into his hand, jealousy immediately entered his heart, and there kindled an unextinguished fire. He immediately sent for Eudoxia, (for by that name was she baptized after she had left her father's house,) and began to sound her heart concerning the apple he had given her. The poor innocent Princess was under a great surprise; She saw something had discomposed her husbands fair soul, legible by the cloud that sat on his brow; and, thinking to support her innocency with an untruth, told him, "she had eaten it." The Emperor asked her if she was not mistaken; and she, thinking to extricate herself, struck deeper in the snare, in swearing by the life and happiness of her husband, "she had eaten it." He, to show her falsity, and how she imposed on him by a lie, backed with perjury, took the apple out of his cabinet; at the sight whereof she was ready to swoon, looked pale and ghastly, like one dying, without power to speak a word in her own excuse. The Emperor left her immediately, and retired with a soul oppressed with shame, sorrow and vexation, while the miserably afflicted Eudoxia poured out floods of tears, and unutterable sighs and groans, from a heart entirely comfortless and ready to sink into desperation. Prince Paulinius, who now nothing of all this, was that night put to death without any legal process; which the Empress hearing of, easily understood that the Emperor's mind was poisoned (though causelessly) with the horrors of jealousy, of which she found the effects, in being removed from the Privy Council, denied the Imperial bed, and therefore went into Palestine for devotion.

AMAZING INSTANCE OF SLOTH.

THE Sybarites so pleased themselves with an affected sloathfulness, and were so willing to continue in it without any kind of molestation, that laying their drowsy heads together, to find out a method to secure their quiet, they at length hit upon this stratagem, viz. By a severe edict they banished all artificers and handicraft tradesmen, who in working made any kind of noise, that without disturbance they might take their full repose in the morning. To which one said, "That to make the silence complete, they ought to have hung padlocks upon the mouths of their wives also."

From the Port Folio.

On earth there's nothing worth possessing
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that dearest, sweetest blessing,
The magic of a woman's smile.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of state,
Are senseless treasures, joyless, vain;
Are bubbles with a splendid name,
Without the charm of woman's smile.

The noxious clouds of worldly care,
That thickens round our joys awhile,
Like morning mist, dissolve in air
Before the beams of woman's smile.

How sweet the sun's bright beam must be,
After long night to Zembla's isle!
But oh! much sweeter far to me,
The sunshine of a woman's smile!

Then place me, Fate, where'er you may
'Midst dreary waste, or savage isle;
For o'er my soul no gloom can stray,
While I am blest with woman's smile.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Brutus was overcome by Cæsar and Antonius in the battle of Philippi, and the conquerors were in close pursuit of him, so that it was almost impossible to escape being taken; Lucullus, a friend to Brutus, to divert them from their purpose, told the soldiers he was Brutus, and desired them to carry him to Antony, who rejoicing in their good fortune to be masters of such a prize, made the best of their way towards the General; who having notice of it, went out to meet them, with many others, in expectation of seeing Brutus; to whom Lucullus said, "Antonius, my friend Brutus is not taken prisoner, and I hope the Gods will be more just than to suffer it; he will be found, alive or dead, in a manner agreeable to his virtue and honor. It is I that have imposed upon your soldiers, and am ready to suffer what severity you please to inflict upon me." Antonius, turning to those that brought him, said, "Don't be troubled, fellow soldiers, that you are deceived, for you have brought me a better prize than what you fought for; I had rather have such friends than enemies." Then he embraced Lucullus, applauded his friendship, committed him to one of his familiar acquaintance, and found him, on all future occasions, as faithful to him as he had been to Brutus.

TRUE COURAGE.

PELOPIDAS and Epaminondas have their names recorded in the book of lasting renown, for the invincible friendship that continued between them to the last moment of their lives. They accompanied each other to assist the Lacedemonians and the spartan wing, who were forced to give ground, they resolved to prefer an honorable death before an ignoble flight; and therefore opposed the enemy alone, till Pelopias, being dangerously wounded in several places, he fell down among the slained; which brave Epaminondas perceiving, though he thought he had been killed, stepped before him, and with redoubled vigor defended his body and armor, till he also was wounded in the breast with a pike, and in the arm with a sword, and was ready to drop; when Agesipolis king of Sparta came in with the other wing, and rescued from death these two celebrated friends.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1805.

Thirty-two Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 16th inst.

On Tuesday last, a child of Mr. Robert Hewitt, pilot, aged about 3 years, being left alone, at his house No. 12 Cliff street, took fire in its clothes by playing with a lighted candle, and it was so much burned, that it died shortly after.

On Tuesday night last, a man by the name of James Boner, a stevedore, fell into the dock near the Old-slip, and was drowned. He bore the character of an industrious man, and has left a wife and seven children.

A duel was fought at Baltimore on the morning of the 9th inst. by a Mr. Christie and capt. Langford. The latter received a ball through his body, and is dangerously wounded; the former received no injury, and has made his escape.

PHILADELPHIA, February 19.

Mr. Minchin and his wife went about six weeks ago to the City of Washington, leaving the small children, his mother-in-law, and young woman a relation. A young gentleman was also in the house as a boarder. On Thursday morning last, Mrs. Gordon, the mother-in-law, baked some buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and the children being present, she gave them the one which was first baked. Not long after, they were seized with a violent vomiting and the rest of the family, except Mrs. G. who had begun their breakfast, were taken in the same manner. The vomiting was extreme, and as they expressed, such a heart-sickness came on them, that they had not sufficient strength to go to their beds, whither the children were also taken. Immediately after which Mrs. G. was also seized in the same manner, though she had not eaten of the cakes, but attributes it to the peculiar disagreeable smell which arose from the first one while baking it. She also was obliged instantly to go to bed, where the whole family continued vomiting with scarcely any intermission, and in this deplorable situation they lay till evening, without being able to call for assistance, and unknown to the neighbors. In the evening a young man, a son of Mrs. G. accidentally went to the house, and found them in the above deplorable condition.—Assistance and medical aid were immediately procured. The eldest child a fine boy of 6 years, languished in excruciating agonies till Saturday evening, when he died. Purple spots appeared on the face and neck.—The youngest child of three years old, is yet alive, but small hopes are entertained of his recovery. The grown persons of the family and another child are out of danger, though still weak. Mrs. G's son, after discovering their situation, and after assistance was procured, had the curosity to eat a small piece of the buckwheat cake, which was still remaining.—It had it disagreeable acid taste, and in about three minutes after he had swallowed it, he says his strength failed him, his head ached, and he began to vomit.

The above is a simple statement of facts as related by the family. With respect to the poison, for poison it undoubtedly must have been, which produced this shocking catastropho, we are left entirely in the dark. The family seem inclined to believe it must have been in the buckwheat meal, but whether from any portion of it having been damaged or whatever cause, they are unable to determine.

COURT OF HYMEN.

ON the, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes know,
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Townly, Mr. *George B. Thorp*, to Miss *Nancy Davies*, both of this City.

On monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. *John Ward*, to Miss *Elizabeth Campbell*, both of Connecticut.

On Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Dr. Townly, Mr. *Peleg Smith*, to Miss *Mary Neal*, both of this City.

At Philadelphia, Mr. *John Stevens*, of N. York; to Miss *Catharine Parisee*, of that city.

MORTALITY.

DEATH is the door, to a more spacious life.

DIED,

A few weeks ago, Miss ANNA SMITH, of this city, in the 24th year of her age; much lamented by all who knew her.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. WILLIAM BARLOW, merchant.

On Monday last, in the 54th year of his age, Doct. LOT TRIPP, a member of the respectable Society of Friends, and an ornament to his profession and to humanity. His practice was confined principally to the poor and friendless, to whom he frequently administered relief without any other reward than that which arises from the "luxury of doing good." His life was an epitome of all the virtues, and his death is sincerely regretted by every one who knew him.

At Philadelphia, Mr. ROBERT C. LATIMER, merchant.

INFORMATION TO THE POOR.

The Humane Society, furnish good and nourishing soup to the poor, without charge, on application at their Soup house, No. 6 Franfort-street.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF

TOM GARD'NER,

For Sale at this Office,

GARDNER'S,

GENUINE BEAUTIFYING

LOTION,

For Sale at this Office.

WANTED.

Immediately at this Office, an Apprentice to the printing business; a lad between 14 and 16 years of age, of reputable connections and one that can be well recommended.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ELEGY.

THE tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent, dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.

Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd,
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

That bitter bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospects cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and withered joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed turns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scene once ting'd in transport's dyes;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thoughts to agony.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure,
The pang to every feeling due;
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart and break it too.

Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

ANECDOTE.

A Lady in the course of conversation, happening to say variation, was reminded by Paddy O' Bramble, that the word was variation. The lady observed, that it was all the same thing, and seemed a little offended, until Paddy said, "Oh! madam, heaven forbid there should be any difference between U and I."

MILENARY SELLING OFF.

A Saunders informs his customers, and the public, that he is determined to quit the Millenary business, and has at present a handsome assortment of split straw Hats and bonnets, Imperial chip do. and many other articles in that line, all of which will be had at first cost, and many articles for much less. He would recommend to those that are in want of any of the articles that he has to call and see the prices he now purchase

☞ Has likewise on hand three cases of American split straw bonnets to sell on commission, well worth the attention of merchants that may wish them for shipping or for country merchants.

Jan. 18, 1806.

MORALIST.

THE great advantage of wealth and power is, that the possessers of them are in a capacity of doing more good than other men. Happy are those great men that employ them for that purpose; because an open hand procures them certain friends and faithful dependants, procures them of sound advice in prosperity, and pillars to support, and heads and hands to defend them in adversity. Men value themselves, and employ their diligence and fidelity, at the price their patrons put upon them. A prince that feeds useful men only with wind, lays them under the temptation of hearkening to the next fair bidder to procure themselves more substantial aliment. Inclination may excite a formal duty and affection; but the best way to secure men entirely to princes devotion, is to buy them by acts of bounty and liberality. Interest governs the world, and every man in it.

NEW NOVELS,

For Sale at this Office.

Grasville Abbey, a Romance,
Jack Smith, or the Castle of St. Donats.
Mordaunt, by the author of Zeluco & Edward.
Emily De Vermont, or the Necessary Divorce.
Emma Courtney, a Novel,
What Has Been.
Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight.
The Abbess, a Romance.
St. Leon, a Tale of the 16th, Century.
Emeline or the Orphan of the Castle.
Dorval or the Speculator.
Three Spaniards, a Romance.
Caroline of Litchfield.
Clermont, a Tale by Regina M. Roche.
Romance of the Forest, by Mrs. Radcliffe'
Geoge Barnwell.
Zaida or the Dethronement of Mahamed.
Tale of the Times, by the author of the Gossip Story.
Monimia' or the Beggar Girl.
Beggar Boy, a Novel.
Vicar of Lansdown, or Country Quarters,
Beggar Girl, a Novel.
Ildegerte Queen of Norway,
Amelia or the Influence of Virtue, an old man's story.
Stella, a pastoral Tale.

Books and *Stationary*

Of every description.
History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE BEST RHEUMATIC OINTMENT;
It has been applied and proves an effectual cure, giving relief in forty-eight hours.

TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE,

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Ball) No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel, has

Ladies Silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted & cotton Garters.

Smith's purified Chimical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreable perfume 4 & 8d. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8d. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s. and 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose 1s and 6d.

Smith's favoyette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. paste.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the Gums, 8d lb.

Smith's Cicasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chimical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

Smith's celebrated Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissars, Tortoise shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. ☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemens pocket books.

FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD WAY,

Opposite the New-City Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery Jewelery and fancy articles viz—fine pomatum pain and scented powder, perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wool, tablets, face and pearl powder, antique oil, sweet scented peas, burning pastils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Rusputin's Dentrifice, the damask lip salve, tortoise shell, ivory, horn and lead combs, scissars, penknives and razor strops, dressing boxes and artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queens garters, smelling bottles, pleaching and curling tongs, gold, pearl, and paste earrings ladies and gentlemens suspenders, trifles, a d all kinds of ornamental hair for Ladies head dresses, the jessamin and violet oil, for thickening preserving and restoring the hair the circasian liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence office, where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow, of good character)

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